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MILLIONAIRE AND FACTORY GIRL: ROMANCE OF THE GHETTO.



Few more romantic stories have ever been told than that of Mrs. J. Phelps Stokes, wife of the young American millionaire philanthropist, who arrived in England yesterday to re-visit with her husband the home of her childhood. The millionaire's wife was the daughter of a Polish emigrant named Pastor, who lived for some years in the London Ghetto, and she worked in a cigar factory before commencing the literary work which led to her acquaintance with the man she was destined to marry. Her expected arrival caused great excitement yesterday in Black Lion-yard, Whitechapel, where she lived in London.



The house in Black Lion-yard, Whitechapel, which was Miss Rose Pastor's home during the time she lived in England as a child.



Mrs. James G. Phelps Stokes, who, as Miss Rose Pastor, was at one time a factory-hand, and is now the wife of one of the most wealthy men in America.



Mr. James G. Phelps Stokes, the hero of the factory-girl's romance. Like his wife, he is keenly interested in social work among the poor. It was the similarity of their ideals in this direction that first drew the two together.



Waiting for the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Stokes at Black Lion-yard, Whitechapel. Many of the people remember Mrs. Stokes as a child, and they have made preparations in their humble way to give her and her millionaire husband a hearty welcome.

GAMBLING ON PEACE PROSPECTS.

Speculators Show Their Faith by Big Purchases.

HINT FROM KAISER.

Attack on Vladivostok to Enforce Japanese Demands.

The best indication that peace is expected to result from the forthcoming conference in America was afforded by the state of the London Stock Exchange yesterday.

There were great purchases from Berlin of every leading security connected with the Far East. Russian and Japanese bonds were in equal demand; Chinese bonds were inquired for, and even more speculative securities, such as Pekin Mining Syndicates, were demanded.

Berlin has evidently had a hint that the meeting of the Tsar and Kaiser has improved prospects of peace, and is trying to make money out of this assurance.

Our Lobby correspondent learns from a close personal friend of M. Witte, the Russian plenipotentiary, that there is no doubt whatever that the negotiations will result in peace.

M. Witte himself is entirely convinced that in the interests of his country an arrangement with Japan cannot be arrived at a moment too soon, and he is going to America with the firm intention and object of arriving at an honourable settlement.

MOVEMENT AGAINST VLADIVOSTOK.

Meanwhile the Japanese are preparing a blow, probably for dramatic effect, against Vladivostok, which has so far been immune from serious attack. A battle has begun between a large Japanese force under General Hasegawa and the Russian outposts on the Tumen River, which forms the northern boundary of Korea. The Japanese are less than a 100 miles from Vladivostok, and an offensive movement at this moment is probably intended to remind Russia that it will be prudent to agree to reasonable terms of peace, lest a worse thing happen.

Japanese infantry have been landed from destroyers at Castrie's Bay, close to Vladivostok, where the Rising Sun flag has been hoisted.

In the island of Sakhalien also the Japanese campaign is being pushed with great activity, and the Japanese are said to have taken possession of the Government buildings at Alexandrovsk.

FIRST PEACE MEETING.

NEW YORK, Thursday.—An official statement says the first meeting of Japanese and Russian plenipotentiaries will take place on the Mayflower, off Oyster Bay, on August 5.—Exchange.

KING AND KAISER TO MEET.

Arrangements Progressing for an Early Conference Between the Two Monarchs.

Now that public attention has been riveted on the meeting of the Tsar and the Kaiser it may be interesting to note a rumour which reaches me to-night, writes the M.P. who represents the *Daily Mirror* in the Lobby.

It is that during the King's trip to the Continent this summer he will meet the Emperor William about the end of August or the beginning of September, immediately after the completion of his "cure" at Marienbad.

All that remains to be arranged is the exact time and place of the meeting. It is given out, of course, that no political significance is to be attached to the conference, but it will not be surprising if the meeting is attributed to political motives, especially in view of the present state of relations between Germany and this country.

VETERAN CAMPAIGNER.

General Sir Montagu Gerard Dies on His Way Home from the Far East.

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday.—Major-General Sir Montagu Gerard, of the Indian Army, who has been attached to the Russian forces in Manchuria, has died of pneumonia at Irkutsk, on his way home from Harbin.—Reuter.

General Sir Montagu Gerard, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., was knighted in 1902.

He had served as Military Attaché at St. Petersburg, held Indian commands, and had been engaged upon secret service in Persia. He was an enthusiast in big-game shooting, tigers being his speciality.

ROYAL CRICKETERS.

Little Princes Eddy and Albert Eager Spectators at the Oval.

BOYISH ECSTASY.

Princes Edward and Albert, the sons of the Prince and Princess of Wales, are becoming immensely enthusiastic over cricket.

Yesterday they saw the Australia v. Surrey match at the Oval.

A few weeks ago they had a cricket match of their own at Windsor. Then they were at Lord's on the second day of the Eton and Harrow match.

As the two young Princes drove up to the Oval yesterday they were so eager not to miss any of the play that they scarcely waited for their carriage to stop before alighting, and hurrying to the pavilion, where they were given seats above the Press gallery.

Throughout the play they showed the keenest interest, constantly applauding the doings of both elevens, times jumping from their seats in their enthusiasm.

Their delight reached its utmost when Hobbs made a grand catch in the deep-field. The young Princes became so excited and clapped so wildly that they seemed in danger of falling over the balustrade.

Shortly afterwards Hayes also made a very fine catch, and again the Princes were in ecstasies.

WARPISH AS ARBITER.

Great Britain May Take Stern Measures with Uruguay, Which Ignores Pacific Protests.

WASHINGTON, Thursday.—Official advices received here indicate no relaxation of the situation the seizure by the Uruguayan authorities last between Great Britain and Uruguay arising out of the March of the Canadian fishing-vessel, Agnes Donohoe, on a charge of seal poaching. Captain Ryan, the master, was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment.

Great Britain submitted the full history of the case to the State Department, and the latter has instructed the American Minister in Monte Video to endeavour to effect an amicable settlement.

Despite his representations, however, Captain Ryan remains incarcerated, and Great Britain, it is understood, is considering the dispatch of a warship, though only as a last resort. Great Britain is not averse to settling the case by arbitration, but Uruguay refuses this course.—Reuter.

MIKADO GREETS AMERICA.

Imperial Hospitality to Mr. Taft and Miss Alice Roosevelt at Tokio.

TOKIO, Thursday.—The Crown Princess assisted the Emperor of Japan at the audience which Mr. Taft, United States Secretary of War, was granted by his Majesty yesterday.

After the audience all proceeded to the banquet hall, where the Emperor sat at the head of a large table with the Crown Princess on his right and Mr. Taft and Miss Alice Roosevelt.

A garden-party followed. The American party was then driven through the Emperor's private park, which was specially opened in their honour by his Majesty's orders. No foreigners have ever been admitted to it before.—Reuter.

PIUS X. AT LAW.

Curious Will Dispute That May Raise Political Issues.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ROME, Thursday.—The Pope himself is concerned in a curious case that is to come before the Roman courts on August 7.

During the lifetime of the late Pope Leo XIII. a rich widow left him her fortune. Leo XIII. took no steps to claim it, but his successor has taken the matter up.

The next-of-kin of the widow dispute the will, and a bailiff, charged with the task of serving the notification upon Cardinal Merry del Val, the representative of the administration of the Vatican, only succeeded in doing so in a church, after a fruitless search of many weeks.

The Cardinal refused to accept the summons, and it is said that the Pope intends to appeal to the Crown to settle the affair.

FAMILY STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

During a heavy thunderstorm which broke over the village of Marksdorf, near Fuerstenwalde, says our Berlin correspondent, a farmer named Gräpe and his nineteen-year-old son were killed by lightning, while the younger son was fatally injured.

The farmer's wife, the sole survivor of the family, was also struck, and is temporarily paralysed.

TRUCE TO OBSTRUCTION.

In Response to Labour, Nationalists Relax Costly Tactics

The Strangers' Gallery in the House of Commons yesterday was packed by panic-stricken promoters of Bills and parliamentary agents, the postponement till next session of private measures not yet passed involving, it is computed, a further outlay to the municipalities of upwards of three-quarters of a million of money and the loss of work to hundreds of thousands of working men during the coming winter months.

In the midst of the Opposition, which was proceeding with its accustomed vigour yesterday afternoon, Mr. Will Crooks made a pathetic appeal to the Irishmen, in the interests of British labour, to cease their obstructive tactics.

Mr. John Redmond, the Irish leader, at once intervened. Strong representations to the same effect, he said, had reached him from all parts of the country.

"Whatever cause for resentment we may have against the Government," he said, "we have none against the working men of Great Britain. I, therefore, ask my supporters to withdraw their objections."

Mr. MacVeagh, who has been a conspicuous blocker, intimated that the objections would not be pressed.

"The reasons," he remarked, "which have been given for allowing these Bills to pass apply equally to the London County Council's 'Tramways Bill,' which the House of Lords rejected without the slightest consideration for the employment of workmen or the convenience of the general public."

He alluded to the criticisms of the Press upon the conduct of the Nationalist objectors. "If this is a scandal," he concluded, "the conduct of the Government in hanging on to office is a much greater scandal."

The Irish Unionists rescinded the resolution they had passed in March last declining to support the Government on Irish questions.

DIRECTED AGAINST DIRECTORS.

Mr. MacNeill has given notice that on Tuesday next he will introduce a Bill for the purpose of restraining directors of public companies for appointment as Ministers of the Crown.

VEAL AND VACCINE.

Mr. Weir, M.P., Strikes Terror Into the Hearts of Parliamentary Gourmets.

A new terror has been added to the life of the member of Parliament. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Galloway Weir, graver than usual, asked the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee of the House of Commons if he would consider the desirability of excluding veal from the House of Commons dining-room menu!

"Calves used in the Local Government Board National Vaccine Establishment for the production of lymph are," he declared, "sold in London for human food, and veal should not be placed on the tables unless it is well known that the supply has not been derived from vaccine stations."

Colonel Lockwood, with sombre visage, rose in his place. "As it would appear that after the animals are slaughtered," he said, "their carcasses are thoroughly examined, I feel that no danger can possibly ensue to the hon. member from the consumption of veal in the House of Commons."

Mr. Weir: May we rest assured that the manager of the refreshment department employs every precaution that the carcasses of calves, honeycombed with small-pox virus, shall not be brought into the kitchen of the House? (Much merriment, and shouts of "Oh!" from the veal-eaters.)

PRO-CONSUL IN THE LORDS.

Lord Milner Takes His Seat as Viscount After Pictureque Preliminaries.

In the gorgeous robes of a peer of the realm, Lord Milner yesterday presented himself in the House of Lords, and went through the accustomed pictureque and ancient ceremony on his elevation to the rank of viscount.

At the close of his perambulations up and down the gangways, escorted by Lord Goschen and Lord Knutsford, the new peer effusively shook hands with the cheery Lord Chancellor, who, wearing his cocked hat, sat on the Woolsack, and beamed upon the newly-elevated Viscount.

Two other peers—Lord Hastings and Lord Sandys—signed the roll and took their seats on succession.

ELECTION IN NOVEMBER.

Mr. C. A. Vince, secretary of the Birmingham Liberal Unionist Association, and of the Imperial Tariff Committee, discussing the political situation yesterday, said he anticipated a general election in November.

END OF THE SEASON.

Society People Leaving Town for Goodwood.

RAIN AT LAST.

Yesterday's shade temp.... 74deg. In the sun.... 125deg.

To-day is the last day of the London season. Next week there will be "no one left in town." Society will have packed its boxes and fled.

The weather last night seemed to be sympathetic with the close of the period of gaieties and entertainments. All day it had been cloudy and close, and about half-past six rain began.

It was certainly welcome, and certainly much wanted. The atmosphere required cooling very badly. Even those who are just leaving London regarded it philosophically. They will be glad to get away whether it rains or not.

To the pleasure-seekers and the toilers of London alike the last two months have been unusually oppressive. It is true that the actual heat readings are no higher than last year's, but that is merely because the thermometer has shamefully failed to do its duty. Just because the maximum heat last July was 85deg., and this month has been so far only 82deg., this has been called cooler than last summer. But a temperature of 76deg., with the humid atmosphere we have had this month is infinitely "hotter" and more trying than a dry heat of 80deg.

The month has been splendidly sunny. Thirteen days up to date have had more than eight hours' sunshine—often as much as twelve or thirteen—and not one single day has been sunless. But there has been more rain than usual, and this is what has made it so exceedingly trying.

THE KING'S EXAMPLE.

Under the circumstances the wonder is that the season has been so successful. A gallant example has been set by the King, who has not spent one single night quietly at home. Consequently the season has been a continuous round of operas, dinners, balls, and public functions.

It has been a royal one in every sense of the word.

Many people have failed under the strain, and have fled to the Continent or to their country seats.

Princess Victoria, the Crown Princess of Rumania, and Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, are in the Isle of Wight, and a host of well-known people have already left town.

On Monday the gallant band who have stayed in London will journey to Goodwood for the final and most exclusive function of all, when the King and Queen will be entertained by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon at Goodwood House.

After Goodwood comes the rush to Cowes and to the Continent.

ALL THE WORLD HOLIDAY-MAKING.

Meanwhile other than society people are also fleeing or preparing to flee from the streets, which have been baked and malodorous for a week past, but which last night's welcome rain did a little to cleanse and sweeten.

As usual, the favourite resorts are on the south and east coasts, because within easy reach of London—and Victoria, London Bridge, etc., are thick with intrepid travellers. Margate is rapidly filling up, and for next week practically every room is booked. There will be a record rush.

Brighton is rejoicing both in glorious weather and a splendid influx of visitors, which is expected to largely increase next week. Eastbourne is crammed, and except in the fashionable quarter, which will fill up after Goodwood, beds cannot be had for love or money.

The northern coast resorts run a good second. Scarborough, Blackpool, Great Yarmouth are all filling rapidly, and anticipate doing enormous business in August. At Blackpool yesterday no less than 200,000 people watched the motor races.

There is, too, an enormous rush to Scotland. Yesterday the Great Northern had to run one of its Scotch expresses in three portions, so great was the crush.

All the world is making or preparing to make holiday—the only discordant note comes from the House of Commons. In consequence of the pairing restrictions, few will be able to go to Goodwood.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Mr. Burgess has definitely decided to start from Dover on his cross-Channel swim this morning.

A trust has been formed to control practically the entire output of china in the United States, with a capital of \$3,000,000.

Prince Ernest of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach has sustained concussion of the brain and had several ribs broken in a motor-car accident at Pforzheim, near Berlin.

The Swedish Parliament yesterday decided to open negotiations for the dissolution of the Union with Norway, providing that a request comes from a newly-elected Storting after a plebiscite.

MILLIONAIRE'S GHETTO BRIDE.

Mr. Stokes's Account of His Romantic Marriage.

HONEYMOON PROGRAMME.

"We are going to make this one of the busiest and most romantic honeymoons that ever was."

So, as he landed from the liner which reached Liverpool from New York yesterday, said Mr. John Grayham Phelps Stokes, the American millionaire, who has made the most romantic marriage of the time. By his side as he spoke was his charming Jewish bride, once Miss Rose Pastor, seamstress in Whitechapel and cigarette-maker in New York.

Mr. Stokes is a typical American, of striking presence, standing 6 ft. 3 in. in his stockings, clean-shaven, alert, and genial. His wife has a quiet, sympathetic demeanour, with an unmistakable Jewish countenance, but with a wealth of auburn hair in contrast with her olive complexion.

"Don't mind," said the millionaire with a laugh, "telling the readers of the *Daily Mirror* that ours was a case of love at first sight, and I believe there are more happy marriages come about that way than people suppose."

How the Couple Met.

"I met my wife still employed as a cigarette-maker during her off time, when she worked amongst the poor of New York City. Some day I hope that together we may be able to establish a scheme, that has long been an ambition with me, to afford scope for the training of poor children and to rescue them from surroundings in which in New York are having a deplorable effect on the rising generation."

"I have strong sympathy with President Roosevelt in his desire to check racial suicide, and I have had some correspondence with him on the subject."

"You may contradict the statement that my people objected to the marriage because of my wife's humble origin, though it's quite true they come of an old stock. Four of my ancestors were Governors of Massachusetts, and most of my fortune came through my father, who was a leading New York banker."

Visit to Whitechapel.

"The honeymoon programme we have arranged is to motor from Liverpool to the Lake District, from there to the Highlands of Scotland, then to Edinburgh, and from there we shall motor right away to London."

"That is a part of the journey we are looking forward to with the greatest pleasure, isn't it, John?" interposed the bride.

"My husband," she said, "will not be content until I have taken him over all the interesting spots of my early struggles, when I came to England. I have just received a telegram saying my old Whitechapel friends are preparing a welcome for us, but do hope they will not make any fuss."

"Well," said Mr. Stokes, "from London we shall go to France. We shall motor through that country to Germany, and again on by road to Switzerland and Italy, and I hope to leave Naples for New York on September 20. Won't that be an ideal honeymoon trip?"

Mr. and Mrs. Stokes commenced their journey for the Lake District yesterday afternoon.

POEM BY THE BRIDE.

Mrs. Stokes Writes Rhymes and Rules for the Guidance of Girls.

Mrs. Stokes, the millionaire's bride, has written several poems, of which the following is the latest:—

Oh! give me love
The love that will always move
The heart that is faithful to love!
The love that will flow from the heart I'll call
A heart from whose generous founts will fall
A love that is love and true love for all!
But whose love oh! joy would be most for me—
Then let it be family love when she be—
I fix my choice most profitably
On love!

Just before leaving New York for Europe Mrs. Stokes wrote, by request, the following series of rules for young girls:—

Don't let a day pass without adding at least one stone to the building of your character.

Don't forget that wealth of character is above all riches.

Don't depend upon others for happiness, but try to make others happy.

Don't frown.

Don't withhold the kind word.

Don't fear.

CHURCH AND "THE TRADE."

The expulsion of the daughter of a licensed victualler from a vicarage Bible class has called forth a strong-worded circular from the Licensed Victuallers' National Defence League.

FAIR FENCERS.

Sparkling Eyes, and Graceful Motion at the Ladies' Tournament.

All who witnessed the fencing competition at Brompton yesterday, when some twenty ladies vied with each other in "skill of fence," recognised that the Gibson girl, the Sandow girl, and even the seaside girl have an all-conquering rival at last.

The fencing girl has a brilliant career before her, for fencing develops every part of the body. Every muscle is brought into play, and the brain is as active as the body.

Miss Edwards, one of the successful competitors, told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that she had been fencing for a year.

"It is impossible to describe the benefits that I have obtained from this exercise," she said. "Such things as nerves and hysteria are unknown to a lady fencer, and sleeplessness is absolutely banished."

"When I went to Switzerland this year I found I could climb heights which I hardly dare look at last year, and my nerves were absolutely steady and my brain cool."

It is the poetry of motion, and a distinct contrast to the ungainly run, tousled hair and muddy conduct of lady hockey players.

Not a word is spoken. Each hit is immediately acknowledged, and even when the judges cannot quite decide a point the fair opponents stand motionless and accept the decision, when given, unhesitatingly.

"They never dispute a decision, or has there ever been the least suspicion of jealousy amongst my pupils," said Professor Volland.

A resourceful brain, a quick, flashing eye, a perfectly developed body, a strong sense of chivalry, a perfect carriage, and a courageous heart—these are the property of a "fencing girl."

Miss Edwards, Miss Edmonds, Miss Durrant, Miss Dillon, Miss Ashton, and Miss Benest were left in the final, which will be fought out to-day.

STRAIGHT TALK TO WOMAN.

Distinguished Physician Advises Her to Return to Her Own Natural Sphere.

We have drifted from a natural state to an artificial state of brain activity, observed Dr. Bulkeley Hyslop, of London, at the British Medical Association Conference at Leicester yesterday.

Migration from country to town not only brought about a condition of nervous strain for those who migrated, but left its stamp upon rural districts in the form of degeneracy, owing to intermarriage among relatives and the residuum of the less fit.

Statistics demonstrated that the female population was gradually drifting into modes of life and occupations incompatible with the proper maintenance of the functions designed for women by nature:

The human race would benefit more by the return of woman to her proper place in nature than by the realisation of any system of universal suffrage.

BANKRUPTCY BOOM.

Financial Speculation Causes a Large Increase of Failures.

Creditors and bankrupts in England and Wales in the year ending March, 1905, lost the enormous total of £9,371,780.

The total is far greater than that of any of the ten years dealt with in the report.

The greatest increase is in the case of bankers, whose liabilities advanced £283,391. Other increases were: Merchants, £220,798; metal trades, £204,055; contractors, £129,606; and timber merchants, £66,169.

During the year 487 women became bankrupt.

Nearly 40 per cent. of the total bankruptcy liabilities are due to speculation. Last year there were nineteen failures with liabilities over £20,000 attributed to financial and speculative enterprise—the total insolvency of these nineteen cases being £1,954,000. Six failures of over £20,000 due to extravagance and gambling, totalled £173,100.

NO ACROBATS OR FREAKS.

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday.—In a short time, says the "Novoye Vremya," orders will be issued prohibiting males under seventeen and females under sixteen from taking part in public entertainments as acrobats and contortionists.

At the same time there will be unconditionally prohibited all exhibitions of freaks in public places for profits, whether children or adults.—Laffan.

SAFEGUARD OF YELLOW TROUSERS.

With a view to enforcing strict sobriety, the Westminster Guardians have decided to dress one of the workhouse inmates in bright yellow trousers.

It is thought that people will regard the yellow as a drunkard's badge, and know that the wearer is not to be supplied with drink.

GIRL SWIMMER'S CHANCES.

Miss Kellerman Discusses Her Coming Attempt To Cross the Channel.

Despite her long practice swim of seven miles in a heavy sea on Wednesday, Miss Annette Kellerman, the young Australian girl, who will attempt to swim the Channel for the *Daily Mirror* trophy, had another long swim off Dover yesterday.

Miss Kellerman is attracting more interest than any other of the Channel swimmers, and crowds of people watched her practising yesterday.

The fair swimmer is very optimistic and quite frank about her chances of success.

"There are so many risks of bad weather springing up during the swim," she said to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "that it would be foolish to say I was certain of getting through. But I shall do my level best, and I am very hopeful that with favourable conditions and good luck I shall reach the French coast."

"The water in the Channel," she continued, "is warm enough for me to swim for many hours without feeling in the least cold."

The cross tides in the Channel are the greatest difficulty a swimmer has to overcome, but Miss Kellerman makes little of them.

"I did not find them trouble me," she said, "any more than on my Ramsgate swim." The only difference was that I could not make such rapid progress."

WITH BANNOCK AND HERRING

Whisky Punch and Copious Dancing Features of an Ancient Scottish Ceremony.

With all its ancient pomp and ceremony the festival of Riding the Common was observed yesterday at Langholm, Dumfries.

Among the thousands of visitors were a number of Americans keenly interested in the ancient Scottish display.

At eight o'clock Mr. Simon Irving, the cornet, and thirty-five mounted men marched through the town, preceded by a brass band and a man carrying a barley bannock and a salt herring.

Then, after a proclamation had warned the people to go out in defence of their property, the cornet and his followers rode the marches, over hill and dale, cutting several sods on their way.

Juvenile games, sports, dancing, and "a good, strong whisky-punch," because that day they had "done a good thing," filled up a merry afternoon and evening.

ALL MACHINE-MADE.

Shorter Catechism for the Modern Man According to "Truth."

Can you write?—No; I use a typewriter.
Can you sing?—No; I use a phonograph.
Can you play any musical instrument?—No; I use a piano.

Can you sew?—No; I use a sewing machine.
Can you draw?—No; I use a kodak.
Can you walk?—No; I use a bicycle, a motor-car, a tramcar, or a train.

Can you see?—No; I use glasses.
Can you hear?—No; I use a trumpet.
Can you digest?—No; I use digestive.

Can you sleep?—No; I use narcotics.
Can you form an independent political opinion?—No; I belong to an "organised" political party.

—"Truth."

LUCKY "HANDCUFF KING."

Thousands of Aspirants to "Mr. Answers"

£5 Gift at Scarborough.

Quite a remarkable scene was witnessed on the sands at Scarborough yesterday, when thousands of people, armed with a copy of "Answers," were strolling up and down, anxiously expectant that "Mr. Answers" would stop them and give them £5 in accordance with the novel seaside scheme of that popular weekly.

One young lady caused great amusement by placing herself at the entrance of the Aquarium and waving a copy of the paper over her head in the hope of catching "Mr. Answers'" eye.

Her disappointment was great when "Answers'" representative did arrive, and the much coveted order for £5 was handed to a man reading "Answers" a few yards in advance of her. The lucky winner was Mr. E. Howard, the "Handcuff King," appearing at Scarborough Aquarium.

GERMAN POLICE OUTWITTED

During his recent visit to Kiel Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt is said to have landed from his yacht, and driven through the city on a motor-car at excessive speed.

The police boarded the yacht and took the name and address of Mr. Vanderbilt. A summons, it was understood, would follow. Next morning the yacht was nowhere to be seen. Mr. Vanderbilt had steamed away in the night.

WAR OF THE DIETS.

Readers' Arguments For and Against the "One-Meal" Theory.

VETERAN EXPERIENCES.

Controversy on the one-meal-a-day question continues to rage.

Dr. Haddon's view that by having only one meal a day man can increase his natural span to 150 years, has many followers, but a greater number advocate three meals of limited quantity.

Dr. Haddon's suggestion is not a new one, as the following letter shows:—

EXAMPLE OF THE LION.

"Dr. George Fordyce, the noted physician, contended that, as one meal a day was enough for a lion, it ought to suffice for a man."

"The doctor took his solitary meal at four o'clock, at Dolly's Chop House. A pound and a half of rump-steak, half a broiled chicken, a plate of fish, a bottle of port, a quart of a pint of brandy, and a tankard of strong ale satisfied his appetite till four o'clock next day."

"Dinner over, he returned to his house in Essex street, Strand, to deliver his six o'clock lecture on 'Anatomy and Chemistry.'"

EDWIN MOODY.

3, Thurloe-place, Winchester.

"FOOD" THAT IS NOT FOOD.

"While so many women are going to work instead of attending to their homes, the food of the nation will be in a bad way."

"Prepared food, from which nearly all the nourishment has been extracted in the factory, takes the place of the good meals of our forefathers, with the result that, while our digestions are over-worked, we are half-starved."

Hitchin.

FRED WALLACE.

UNSPoILED TASTES.

"If only parents would let their children indulge their natural taste for sweets and sugar, we should hear much less of underfed little ones. It is not for nothing that the natural appetite has been given to children."

W. S.

RUINED BY ONE-MEAL HABIT.

The West Indian native who lives on one meal a day, and becomes a worthless character as the result, has at any rate one valuable lesson to teach us, as "West Indian Planter" might have pointed out.

When a native feels run down he at once eats a quantity of sugar, or adds a little water and a squeeze of lime to about half a pint of raw sugar. When he has swallowed that he is a new man.

Blackheath.

ANOTHER PLANTER.

Children in the poorer districts may be underfed but well-to-do men and women are quite the reverse. It is the amount of food which is eaten, or, rather, with which so many gorge themselves, that drives thousands to foreign spas each year in quest of relief.

Two meals a day, and a little meat at one only, is enough for anyone.

Warrington-crescent.

MENS SANUS.

DIET AND TEMPERAMENT.

Our morose and surly national disposition is probably the result of our diet. The French system of hot rolls and coffee first thing in the morning, a good lunch at 12.30, and dinner at 6.30, would probably make us as happy a people as our neighbours.

F. L. J.

Torrington-square.

SOLDIER'S TESTIMONY.

"Dr. Haddon's statements are not quite so absurd as some of your correspondents seem to imagine. Ask anyone who went through the South African war whether they ever enjoyed better health in their lives than when they were in the field. There have been many occasions when I have been very fortunate if I got two meals a day, and often it was only bully-beef and biscuits."

"My health was perfect all through the war, and so was that of others. It was due in a great measure, no doubt, to the open veldt, but the plain living, and not too much of it, was the chief instigators of health."

C.I.V.

St. John's Wood-road, N.W.

£18 A WEEK IN TIPS.

Light was thrown upon the tipping practice of West End restaurants in the Official Referee's court yesterday.

The manager of the Imperial Restaurant, Regent-street, said that in February, 1904, the wages of waiters were taken away, the reason given by the management being that the tips were much larger than had been anticipated. Counsel mentioned that the sixth share of the waiter in the cloakroom, who was suing the management, in tips was often more than £3 a week.

THE TRUNK TRAGEDY TRIAL.

Listless Prisoner Falls Fast Asleep
in the Dock.

LINE OF DEFENCE.

To-day the defence in the trunk tragedy case at the Old Bailey will be opened, and it is expected Devereux will go into the box and give his explanation of the deaths of his wife and twin children.

That will be the most dramatic stage in the long-drawn-out trial. The man has hitherto given the impression of utter weariness—the incarnation of ennui.

Yesterday, as he sat in the grim dock while the details of the tragedy were again told, he showed infinitely less interest in the evidence than the warden seated by him. Even when they brought in the great tin trunk in which the bodies of his wife and twin children had been discovered he did nothing more than give it a cursory glance.

He was more concerned with the time, and the great gilt clock behind him was always appealing to him. Perhaps the mental strain which he is undergoing explained the listlessness of his manner, perhaps the man was as tired as he seemed.

Asleep in the Dock.

Now his eyes would shut, and it would appear as though the whole monotonous scene—the ladies in the gallery, the Judge in the crimson seat, the barristers, the jury, the witnesses—had vanished like a mirage in the desert.

He would sleep—his head buried in his hands and just the high forehead and the carelessly-arranged hair showing.

But these were only momentary respite. Presently he would wake again, gaze drowsily round the court, noting a lady standing on a form to catch a better glimpse of him, scrutinising a witness, remarking the attitude of his gaoler; then he would sit back and peer querulously at the chaplain.

Two minutes later he would be once more in his favourite position—his hands clasped in front of him and supporting the restless head.

At times the man would become alert, especially when the Judge spoke, and his hand would steal to the little piece of paper on which he was supposed to make notes. For the most part, however, he sat limp and weary, careless how there grew, piece by piece, the mosaic of proof against him.

He was tired of the life of the dock. How will he fare to-day in the witness-box?

It was scarcely possible from yesterday's cross-examinations to guess what the nature of the defence might be, as it took two different courses.

First Mr. Elliott, the prisoner's counsel, attempted to show that the family of Mrs. Devereux suffered from suicidal tendencies; then he sought to prove that there were strains of madness in the family of the accused.

Tears in the Witness-Box.

From Mrs. Gregory, the mother of Mrs. Devereux, he elicited that a son had suffered from brain trouble, and even the witness herself agitatedly admitted that "after twins she herself was mentally affected slightly."

Mrs. Gregory was often in tears while giving her evidence. When she spoke of her daughter and said that the courtship with Devereux had lasted two years, and she believed it was a love match, she frequently put her pocket-handkerchief to her eyes. Then Inspector Pollard came forward and told her

Devereux's uncle was a year in an asylum.

His father attempted suicide with rat-poison.

An aunt threw herself from a bedroom window.

Therefore Mr. Elliott was to some extent successful in his attempts to show there were ill-balanced minds in the families of both Devereux and his wife.

The last witness for the prosecution was Dr. Stevenson, of the Home Office, who has a wonderful knowledge of poisons. He told how he found sufficient morphia distributed in Mrs. Devereux's body to suggest to him that four grains had been administered or taken.

"And one grain," explained witness pleasantly, while the Court shuddered, "is sufficient to kill."

From different pockets he produced various-sized phials containing morphia to give the jury a better idea of quantities—a veritable poison warehouse.

"That is the case for the prosecution," said Mr. Mathews as Dr. Stevenson left the box.

Although it was still early, the Judge consented to an adjournment, and Devereux, picking up his papers on which he had written nothing, slowly descended the dock steps. For six hours he had sat, the cynosure of a hundred eyes.

PAWNED THE PARENTAL PIANO.

"I shan't come home again," was part of a message left by a son who pawned his father's piano and absconded.

At Clerkenwell he said he could not find work because he was without clothes, and was remanded

"SIN OF HAZARD."

Rev. R. J. Campbell Prays the King
May Separate Sport and Gambling.

"Would to God that by our prayers, and by the influence of the Holy Ghost, King Edward would see how to separate gambling and sport."

These words were used by the Rev. R. J. Campbell at the City Temple yesterday in the course of a striking sermon on "The Sin of Hazard."

The celebrated preacher took for his text, "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread and labour for that which satisfieth not?" (Isaiah 53:2). He said that one of the great vices of England was gambling.

In the highest society bridge had its victims and its victims. They demanded, and rightly demanded, a high standard from their statesmen, but Society, with a capital "S" seemed to hold itself irresponsible, a section of it appearing to defy the conscience of the nation—a sinister portent for the future of their national life.

Commercial life was also affected by the sin of hazard. Those who made money out of others, instead of being treated as bloodsuckers, received titles and honours.

They prided themselves upon being a nation of sportsmen. It was not sport as sport which was the danger. It was that which led to the sin of hazard. People who never saw a horse on a racecourse gambled in their workshops—not only the men but the women, and, if they were to believe all they were told, the children, too.

They must rouse the whole country to a proper understanding of the true destiny of mankind. By realising that, they would strike at the root of the sin of hazard.

As to the attitude of the highest in the land, Mr. Campbell concluded by saying that the King was one of the best Sovereigns in the world. Since he came to the throne he had given ample evidence of his love for the people and his desire to do them good. He had been called the peacemaker of Europe, and he well deserved that title.

These words were received with hearty cheers in the church, and then the minister, "with the greatest respect for our Sovereign," expressed the wish that King Edward would separate sport and gambling.

FIGHT IN A CHURCH.

Prominent Welsh Footballer Fells a Relative
During Service.

Violent quarrels during religious services in two Welsh Nonconformist chapels in the Ruabon district of Denbighshire have occasioned disgraceful scenes.

In one case a well-known Welsh Association footballer, who has figured in international encounters, lost his temper, and over the pews dealt a relative a violent blow and felled him.

It is probable the case will be heard in the local police court.

At about the same hour, and only a few hundred yards away, another shameful scene was in progress.

The chief deacon in a violent outburst shouted at the minister, who was celebrating communion, and alleged that the pastor was unfit to officiate.

The pastor loudly retorted that he was as fit to administer the sacrament as the deacon was to receive it.

At a "society" meeting of members subsequently held the deacon was severely condemned, and it is said that he will be "excommunicated."

PARROTS FOR WRIST-WEAR.

Picturesquely Bizarre Paris Fashion Introduced at Hurlingham.

Hailing from Paris is the newest fashion in pet-green parrots or love-birds perched upon the wrist, as though they were falcons.

The lady who has introduced this fashion into England took her pet down to Hurlingham the other day, where the beautiful green bird, attached by a gold collar and chain round its neck, and perching daintily on her shoulder or wrist, caused a great sensation.

There have been many fashions in pets of all sorts, but this seems likely to be as pretty and popular as any.

Some years ago a few very strong-minded women kept tame mice, white rats, and dormice about them, but these pets caused so many panics among less brave friends that their fair owners soon relegated them to their cages.

It was Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson who had a tame snake for a pet. It went everywhere with her, twisted round her arms, and looked exactly like a beautiful glittering jewelled ornament.

CONFIDENCE TRICK SENTENCE.

Edward Long, an Australian, who had defrauded Mr. Blake, a Canadian, of £700 at the Midland Hotel by means of the confidence trick, was sentenced yesterday at the Old Bailey to seven years' penal servitude.

BRIDE ON THE ROOF.

Divorce Suit Sequel to Courtship
by Advertisement.

COUSIN'S EVIDENCE.

It has sometimes been hinted that marriages arranged by advertisement do not as a rule turn out happily.

Confirmation of this view was offered by a curious case heard in the Divorce Court yesterday, when Mrs. Janet Elizabeth Sheppard sought to be freed from her husband, Mr. William Sheppard, an hotel-keeper, whom she had acquired by advertisement answering.

"I have seen your 'ad' in this week's _____," she wrote to Mr. Sheppard. "I have no private means except a house I have furnished. I am an orphan, and quite alone in the world. I should be glad to meet a good and kind husband. I would do all in my power to make his home happy. I may be in London shortly, and if you are there I will arrange a meeting. I desire an early marriage, since people might talk, and I have a great objection to a long flirtation."

The meeting in London talked of by Mrs. Sheppard, or Miss Baker, as she was then, took place, and proved satisfactory, although there was some disparity between the ages of the two advertisement-introduced lovers. The gentleman was considerably older than the lady.

Bride Was Slapped.

But after the wedding the home was not happy. Mr. Sheppard had some grown-up daughters, and counsel alleged that mutual slaps took place between some of them and their stepmother.

The unhappy incident of all, however, was when Mrs. Sheppard and the servant escaped through a window on to the roof, to avoid violence, so she contends.

From the roof they were rescued by a gallant sailor.

During Mrs. Sheppard's evidence—she has golden hair and was dressed in white—further reference was made to advertisement-provoked love-letters. Extracts from these ran:—

"I hope you will not consider it unadmirable in me to make the advance. I hope our meeting will be to our mutual advantage. I am healthy and strong, and am anxiously waiting your reply."

"Since I met you I have not been at all well. My head has been so bad. I shall be a good wife to you, and you shall have nothing to regret in after life."

Wife Breaks Down.

"I was alone, very much alone. There was no one to protect me," said Mrs. Sheppard when she was questioned about the phrase. "I am an orphan, quite alone in the world, and then she burst into sobs as she sat in the witness-box."

After she became calm again it was pointed out to her that she had a "cousin," a gentleman who was best man at the wedding.

It was with reference to this cousin—cousin proved to be a courtesy title—and a suggestion that he should come and share the happy home that Mr. Sheppard later in the day said:—

"I replied, 'Not for me. One man in the house is enough for me.' (Loud laughter.)

The cousin also gave evidence. He supported a counter-charge made against Mrs. Sheppard by her husband, to the effect that she, too, had not been blameless. This witness went so far as to associate himself with the blame, and said that his acquaintance with Mrs. Sheppard when she was Miss Baker led to his own wife getting a decree nisi against him.

The case was adjourned.

SQUANDERED A LEGACY.

Clown Who Performed Before Queen Victoria Hangs Himself.

Bequeathed a legacy by his mother, Henry Hooper, a middle-aged Stoke Newington man, squandered the greater part in drink.

It had been his proud boast that Queen Victoria heard him sing and that he had been a clown in a well-known circus.

In two years he spent £500 and lost £300 through a brother's bankruptcy.

One morning he was found to have hanged himself behind the kitchen door.

Suicide during temporary insanity was the verdict at yesterday's inquest.

TO-MORROW IS THE DAY.

To-morrow Miss Fannie Eden will introduce to the public her new story paper, entitled "Fannie Eden's Penny Stories." There seems already a very keen desire to read the first story, "The Todd Family's First Holiday." For one thing, people are thinking of holidays, or else taking them, and this story, therefore, appeals to all.

Buy your copy early to-morrow, or you may find that you are too late to get a copy. "Fannie Eden's Penny Stories" will be on sale everywhere to-morrow, Saturday.

MUZZLED DRIVERS.

New Order Deprives London of Half Its Charm in American Eyes.

Consternation has been caused by the announcement that the drivers employed by one of the great London omnibus companies will no longer be permitted to converse with passengers.

Drivers and passengers alike are indignant. But most concerned of all are the hundreds of American tourists now in London.

To the American the omnibus driver ranks with the fascinating London characters portrayed by Dickens. Even the wealthiest tourists forsake the omnibus cab for a front-seat on the omnibus.

Mr. Harold Swift, member of the Chicago family of millionaire meat-pickers, is nothing to compare with a tour through London beside an omnibus driver. "London without its picturesqueness," he said to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

A party of fair tourists from New York were discussing the matter at the American Express Company's offices.

"The London bus driver is most delicious," said one of the ladies. "I have learned of more quaint corners of London town by riding on the front seat of the buses" than Baedeker ever thought of.

REEKING OF GLANDERS.

Doctors Puzzled by the Case of One Whose Ailment Was Only Certified After Death.

It was stated in a West London prosecution yesterday that there had been ninety-five cases of glanders at an omnibus company's premises in the Old Kent-road.

A horsekeeper had died, and although at first diagnosed as rheumatism and afterwards as pleurisy, the case was finally proved, after post-mortem, to be of glanders.

"Reeking of glanders" was the description of an inspector who visited the premises. No fewer than fourteen horses had been slaughtered.

The summons against the company at the instance of the London County Council for failing to report the outbreak was adjourned.

AN UNUSUAL OFFER.

Two Weeks' Free Board at the Hotel and Holiday Resort of Your Choice.

We wish to draw the attention of our readers to the unique holiday offer to be found on another page in reference to the *Daily Mirror* Holiday Resort Guide.

The chance of a free holiday does not come often, and our readers should make haste to secure the opportunity. Competitors can choose any time they please, and select any holiday resort, hotel, or boarding-house mentioned in the Guide.

The only thing necessary to enter the competition is to purchase the *Daily Mirror* Holiday Resort Guide, the cost of which is threepence. It is a book that would be worth more than the amount asked to those thinking of holidays, as it is crammed with invaluable holiday information.

£452,164 DEFICIENCY.

Suggested Public Inquiry into the Bewildering Affairs of a Bank.

The figures in the statement of affairs of the Financial and Commercial Bank, Limited, stated the chairman at the meeting of the Board of Trade Offices yesterday, showed a total deficiency of £452,164 to the shareholders.

The company was promoted in September, 1901. The purchase price was £285,000, for which the company, according to balance-sheet, acquired assets valued at £473,130. Shares and stocks valued at £378,510 had since been written off, however, as of no value, while of the book debts taken over at least £97,034 proved irrecoverable.

The chairman said that a thorough investigation would be made into the affairs of the company, and if necessary the Official Receiver would apply for a public inquiry into the circumstances attending its promotion and failure. A difference of opinion arose as to the appointment of a liquidator, and it was intimated that the matter would be decided by the Court.

If you like the "Daily Mirror" you will also appreciate the "Illustrated Mail," which is published every Friday with the week's news in pictures.

Try to-day's copy. One Penny everywhere.

"THE SUMMER GIRL."

Seaside Holiday Flirtations De-nounced and Defended

HOW FLIRTS ARE MADE.

To-day we pick out of the very heavy correspondence on this subject—a correspondence increasing daily in bulk—some personal experiences which are certain to be read with interest, whether the views expressed meet with agreement or not.

A MOTHER'S FEARS.

I am a middle-aged wife, and mother of four boys.

With the bitterness of marital troubles in my own heart, I dread my boys growing up, when I see the ever-increasing, openly, unashamed immorality of modern girls.

E. J.

Westcliff-on-Sea.

AN INCOMPLETE QUOTATION.

"Although only a 'mere man,' I am a lover of fair play. The 'Summer Girl' as much sinned against as sinned. It must be obvious, even to the most casual thinker, that she could not flirt alone."

As regards "Marrieds'" quotation of the proverb, "Every woman is at heart a rake," I should like to point out that he has not given the completion of the proverb, which runs, "And every man a Turk."

FAIR PLAY.

WHY MEN DO NOT MARRY.

I thoroughly agree with "Vera" that "what man wants is the loving, clinging, sweet, and gentle girl, so hard to find."

I should have been married long ago if I had come across girls such as "Vera" describes. That is, indeed, what a true woman ought to be.

I shall wait till I find one. They are to be found, but seldom as "summer girls."

IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

Norfolk House-road, Streatham.

FLIRTS NOT GOOD WORKERS.

As manager of a large business of many years' experience, I beg to differ from the opinion expressed by your correspondent "B. B."

I not long ago had working for me a large number of young women, nearly all of whom were confirmed flirts, and I must say not only were they bad workers, but they did a great deal of harm to the business.

I have now a different class of young women—quiet and attentive. I have found them excellent workers.

A. J.

HAPPY MARRIAGES.

The girls and men who indulge in "seaside flirtation" which is nearly always the forerunner of untold evils and sorrows, are very shallow creatures.

In my opinion, a true and maidenly girl scorns to do such a thing; her whole nature revolts at the bare suggestion. Equally, a good and noble man, who is worthy to become a true woman's partner for life, is never found among "seaside flirts"; he is occupied in something infinitely better.

You will generally find that the happy marriages are those contracted between true men and women. If there were more of these unions the rising generation would be a greater credit to England.

ANOTHER GIRL.

A SUMMER GIRL'S ROMANCE.

Every day brings me closer to my marriage with a "Summer Girl."

When we first met, it was not in the conventional way. Afterwards I found she was higher up the social ladder than myself, and when some kind friend told her relations they were not at all pleased. Their arrangements with regard to her future were settled.

I enjoyed their threats, but because my friend (at that time) refused to cut me, she had an uncomfortable time of it. So much so, that one morning she left them suddenly.

Though thoroughly domesticated, she had lived a "lady's life," yet she has been earning her own living, and is as good at it as the best.

Had I waited for an introduction we should have been strangers yet.

HERBERT BEERESFORD,

East Sheen, S.W.

"WHY I AM A FLIRT."

Whose fault is it that girls are flirts? I myself am one, and perhaps many another girl has my reason for being so.

A year or two ago I met and cared for a man who led me to believe he cared just as much for me. I, of course, was foolish, as every girl is who thinks too much of a man.

I often thanked God for his love, thinking myself blessed that I had found favour in the eyes of my lord.

Suddenly he disappeared, with no word of explanation. I was left to be pitted by my friends. Do you think my pride would allow that? No. I faced the music, declared it a pleasant flirtation, and from that day to this have been an acknowledged "flirt."

A FLIRT.

Hendon.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. Justice Philimore must be envied by his brother Judges for his ambidexterity. At Glamorgan Assizes he jots down points of evidence with his left hand when his right grows tired.

Under the new rules the enlistment in the Cavalry is to be for eight years' Army service and four years in the Reserve.

Three structures, forming part of the Victoria Cotton Mills, at Brighouse, were gutted by fire yesterday, and the damage done is estimated at £20,000.

Within sight of the cottage where his wife was lying ill, a roadman named Robert Davies hanged himself from a small hollybush near Llantrisant, Montgomeryshire.

Lieutenant-General Sir John French, who has already commanded at Aldershot for nearly three years, is to continue in command of the Army until September, 1907.

Following a candid admission that he had no intention of reforming, a prisoner at Bolton Sessions requested to be sent to penal servitude, adding that it would save the police and a public a lot of trouble.

St. Paul's clock has been found at fault. A resident in St. Paul's churchyard writes to the "Times" to say that at eleven o'clock at night the hour was struck, instead of the preliminary chimes, which followed about two or three minutes later.

Because no other place was available, Camberwell Liberals were yesterday reduced to holding their annual garden-party in the grounds of a private lunatic asylum (Camberwell House). Many of the residents of the institution looked on from the windows and seemed highly interested in the proceedings.

North-Eastern Railway directors at Newcastle yesterday declared a dividend of 4d per cent. for the half-year.

Struck on the head and rendered unconscious by a ball whilst playing cricket at Meersbrook, Sidney Mark, aged twenty-three, died later in Sheffield infirmary.

Superannuated policemen are being employed by many landlords in Birmingham to watch intoxicated men and women in the streets, and prevent them from entering their licensed houses.

Selected crack shots and troops who have been experimenting at Aldershot with the new short rifle, pronounce the weapon a failure, and telegraph the same correspondent, even the Hythe staff does not conceal the fact.

Robbery of £200 and jewellery at the Woolpack Public-house, Bermondsey, was followed by the conviction of Sidney Parry and Martin Snell at the Old Bailey yesterday. The former received sentence of three years' penal servitude, and the latter twelve months' hard labour.

VETERAN GENERAL DEAD.

Major-General Sir George R. Hennesy, K.C.B., whose death has just been announced, was an Indian Mutiny veteran, and also saw active service in Afghanistan and Egypt. (Vandyk.)

PETITIONING FOR DIVORCE.

Mrs. McBride, who, as Miss Maud Gonne, made herself famous by her virulent denunciations of England during the South African war, is suing in Paris for a divorce from her husband, who was an officer in the Boer army. (Elliott and Fry.)

Commenting unfavourably on the Leeds Corporation's intention to establish an institution for supplying milk, a trade journal concludes, "We may say at the outset that, financially, the venture will be a failure."

Whilst driving his motor-car through Warwick Lord Lametham swerved to avoid a dog and knocked down a lady cyclist, smashing her bicycle and his car-wheel. Yesterday at Newton-le-Willows his lordship was fined for driving to the public danger.

Whereas the Government charges affiliated rifle clubs £5 per 1,000 for their cartridges, Messrs. Kynoch offer to supply them at £2 19s. per 1,000, and Mr. John Sinclair proposes to question the Secretary for War on the subject next Monday.

Tradition says that the grandparents of Dick Turpin once occupied The Plough, a quaint old hostelry at Little Ealing, now in course of demolition. The famous knight of the road is also said to have "put up" there, a secret chamber having been brought to light by the housebreakers.

Rather than run any risk by travelling on the electric cars, an old woman in her eighty-fifth year set out to walk from Paddington to Nelson, Lancashire, a distance of six miles. It took her three hours to reach Burnley, which is half-way, and here she was given tea and a bed for the night by the police, concluding her journey in safety next day.

Great interest was aroused by a novel competition at Marton (Cheshire) horse show, prizes being offered for the handsomest couples, married or engaged.

Salmon are cheap in Blyth (Northumberland), owing to the fact that from some unknown cause the fish are floating on the surface of the mouth of the river, and their capture is thus an easy matter.

It was stated at a meeting of the Stoke Guardsians that a recent visit to the lunacy ward revealed the fact that of thirty men there only half were mad. The others were bedridden men, placed there for convenience.

So many teachers have applied to the Rochdale Education Committee for leave of absence through illness that the length and frequency of such leave will be taken into consideration when the next revision of salaries takes place.

Downham Market (Norfolk) Workhouse authorities have received a gift of a large quantity of tobacco for the old men inmates, and by the express desire of the donor two old women who love the weed are to be included in the distribution.

Although the hospital committee had recommended a gentleman for the post, the Bradford Guardians decided, by nine votes to eight, to appoint Miss Dora Bunting, M.B., of London, as assistant resident medical officer at the workhouse.

GERMAN MONEY FOR THE FAR EAST.

Speculations on What the Kaiser Said to the Tsar.

TWO QUICK LOANS.

CAPEL COURT, Thursday Evening.—There were points that made for better prices on the Stock Exchange. They were peace expectations and two loan successes. Germany continues to buy anything that has the Far East connected with it. It may be Japanese bonds, or Russians, or Chinese, or even such gambling counters as Pekin Syndicates or Shansians. Anything seems good enough for the German on the ramp. Evidently the man on the Bourse thinks he knows what the Kaiser said to the Tsar. It may be peace, and, if so, so much the better.

The other two points are more tangible. The Naval loan lists were prematurely closed this morning. The premium was 4d in consequence.

A still greater loan success was that of the Madras 4 per cent. Railway Debentures. The average at which the issue went was as high as £99 19s. 6d., and the issue was subscribed more than seven times over. This is an eye-opener. Consequently, with a favourable Bank return, seeing that it is the end of the month, and the reserve only £250,907 down, and with the expectation of a low carry-over rate of 2 per cent. on Consols next Tuesday, small wonder that Consols were firm at 90 1/2, and the gilt-edged market had their heads up very high indeed.

WIRE-PULLING IN FOREIGN RAILS.

Even Home Rails were at least less pessimistic. The North-Eastern dividend at the rate of 4d per cent. per annum was 4 per cent. less than a year ago, but was equal to expectations. Home Rails were certainly steadier.

American Rails also were in a more perky mood. True, nobody buys them here except a few professional punters in the market, but they talk very big indeed about coming maize crop prospects and one thing or another. So prices are better. Even Canadian Rails looked well at one time, though Grand Trunks did not altogether maintain it.

To Foreign Rails again for the sensation. Antofagasta rose a trifle of 15 to 222. This was because of the splitting scheme, whereby everybody seems to get quite a tremendous lot of stock of one kind or another. It serves the purpose of the wire-pullers. They seem to think in the market that the same group will now start wire-pulling in connection with United Rails of Havana. The railway is of course doing well. The idea is that a splitting scheme will also be engineered here, of course with a view of putting up prices a good many points. To-night the preferred stock was 169.

BREWERY SHARES DECLINE.

Argentine Rails are quite a good market, with Pacifics shining most brightly. Mexican Rails were good. Indeed it is of little use going on with the story, it is simply the usual daily repetition that Foreign Rails as a whole were buoyant.

People said at one time that the Foreign Bourses were not quite so good. There was not much sign of it in the price of Foreigners. Japanese and Russians were better, the new Japanese being 13d premium. Copper shares were firm on what they consider are the prospects of the metal. Venezuelans were a strong spot.

Allsops and other brewer shares continue to shrink away. The Docks group was firm on a story that certain people are trying to bring about an amalgamation of the London and India Docks with the Millwall.

Whether it was due to the Rand Mines dividend of 5s., or whatever it was, perhaps Kaffirs were not quite so dull as yesterday. There were even a few rises. Several of the Diamond shares were quite reasonably firm. In the Westralian market the dull tendency was relieved by the firmness of Great Boulders, on the further satisfactory cablegram about developments at depth.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BRITISH WESTINGHOUSE PREFS. (Electric): You could do decidedly better.—£5,000 (H. F. C.): It would be most unwise to put the whole of your capital into Japanese. No large sum should be invested in any country which has been very heavy. Spread your capital over five or six securities.—CROMPTON (A. A.): No.

WEST SUBURBAN GAS (E. A. L.): No.—MORTGAGE OF RIVER PLATE (C. T.): A fair speculative investment, with a good yield.

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PICTURES from all PARTS

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE SULTAN.



Mosque of the Yildiz Kiosk, where the attempt to assassinate the Sultan of Turkey was made. A bomb was exploded as he was leaving the mosque, and a number of men of his escort were blown to shreds, but the Sultan himself, who behaved with remarkable coolness in presence of the danger, escaped unhurt.

SOCIAL CELEBRITY'S RECOVERY.



Mrs. Arthur Paget has been kept a close prisoner for some time by a broken leg, but is now completely recovered. One of the first of her social activities after her recovery will be to entertain the King at dinner to-morrow. —(Thomson.)

NEGRO BANDSMAN.



A member of the band of the West India Regiment, which arrives in England shortly to perform at the Crystal Palace Colonial and Indian Exhibition.

FIRST MOTOR-BOAT IN THE BRITISH NAVY.



Motor-boat attached to the battleship King Edward VII., flagship of the Atlantic Fleet. It is the first of its kind to be used in the British Navy, but it is understood that a number of similar boats will shortly be in use.

Miss KELLERMAN



Miss Annette Kellerman practising for her attempt to swim across the Channel. The goggles she wears to protect her eyes. No. 2 shows the fair swimmer in the water, as taken just before she left the water after her seven-mile trial swim out into the Channel by No. 4. No. 5 was taken while she was being rowed across the water.

PRIMROSE LEAGUE GARDEN.



Sir Thomas Skewes Cox, M.P. for Kingston, addressing the guests at the Primrose League Garden. All the leaders of the Unionist Party in the district were present.

big PRACTICE SWIM in the CHANNEL PHOTOGRAPHED



In No. 1 her face is being greased, so that water may not get inside the ear using her favourite double-arm overhead trudgen stroke, and No. 3 was Channel. The manner in which she takes food during a swim is explained g paced by Mr. J. Wolfe during practice.

EN PARTY AT RICHMOND.



Womrose League garden-party in the grounds of Buccleuch House at Richmond. were present, as well as a large contingent from London.

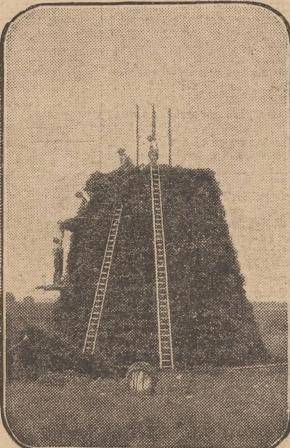
PHOTOGRAPHS of the DAY'S NEWS

ROMANCE OF A MILLIONAIRE'S WIFE.



Black Lion-yard, Whitechapel, where Mrs. J. Phelps Stokes, the newly-married wife of the American millionaire, lived in her childhood. With her husband she has now come back to visit the place, where there are many who remember her when, as Miss Rose Pastor, she lived among them.

CHARTER-DAY CELEBRATIONS AT WIMBLEDON.

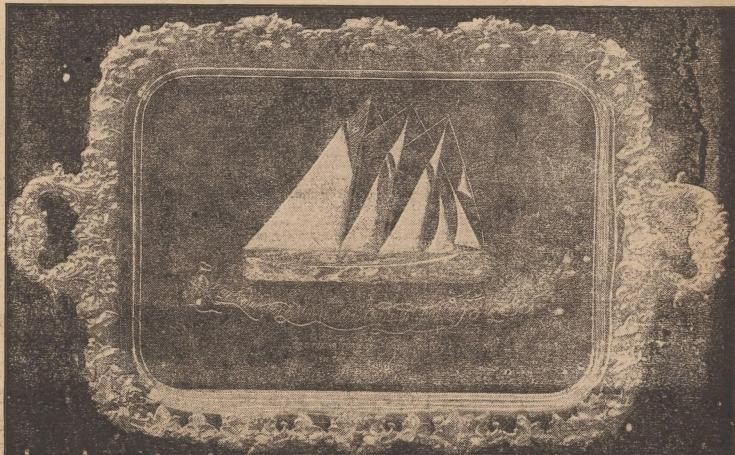


Huge bonfire built on Wimbledon Common to celebrate the arrival of Wimbledon's charter of incorporation. It was fired on the evening of Charter-day amid a scene of wild enthusiasm.



One of the most notable figures in the charter procession at Wimbledon, Armourer-Sergeant Comber, 2nd V.B. East Surrey Regiment, winner of the King's Prize at Bisley. He was given a reception only less warm than that accorded to the charter itself.

PRESENTATION TO AMERICA'S FAMOUS RACING SKIPPER.



Large solid silver tray presented to Captain Barr as a memento of his victory in the Atlantic yacht race for the Kaiser's cup by Commodore Marshall, of the New York Yacht Club.

"GROWN ABROAD."

Nearly Everything We Eat and Drink
Comes from the Foreigner.

A GRAVE PROBLEM.

By A. H. J. KEANE.

The *Daily Mirror* "Clerk on tramp" has managed to find work on the land at last, but he is quite right in saying that there is not enough employment in the country to go round.

This is the biggest trouble England has to face. She is doing less and less every year to provide herself with food. Everything she eats and drinks is coming in increasing quantities from abroad.

The population of England is growing at the rate of 40,000 souls per annum, and, during the last thirty years, the increase has attained a total of 14,000,000 souls. This growth in the number of mouths to feed will, in a few years' time, become a very grave and difficult question to deal with.

The soil, which has for a long time past been impoverished by excessive or "forced" cultivation, no longer yields what it used to do. Hence the agricultural classes can no longer make their living in the country, and are flocking into the towns and increasing the already existing competition in commercial and industrial circles.

The villages are deserted, and the lands are neglected, whilst manufacturing centres are getting more than full. The following figures (specially compiled for our readers) will give some idea of the enormous amount of food stuffs required by the English market.

OUR IMPORTED CEREALS.

The importation of cereals into Great Britain has almost trebled within the last thirty years. In 1875 they amounted to \$3,000,000 cwt. At the present time the imports are no less than 206,000,000 cwt. of wheat per annum. Of this total the U.S.A. alone supply 43,000,000 cwt. of wheat and 19,000,000 cwt. of flour. Barley and oats are imported chiefly from Russia. Statistics clearly show that the national production is decreasing more and more, and the day may already be foreseen when England will produce no more wheat at all, and will be compelled to purchase all her bread from foreign countries.

Perhaps at that more or less distant date wheat-growing will become the fad of the rich, instead of orchards, or breeding pig-dogs, etc.

In 1875 England purchased 1,993,000 cwt. ham from abroad; last year the import total was 7,632,000 cwt. Lard in the same period has gone up from 477,000 to 1,966,000 cwt., beef from 302,000 to 4,712,000 cwt. and pork (fresh) from 296,000 to 1,058,000 cwt.

Here the U.S.A. are again to the fore, supplying 50 per cent. of the imports of fresh and salt ham, and 95 per cent. of ham and lard.

England is at the foreigner's mercy not only for bread and meat, but also for eggs, sugar, fruit, wine, tea, butter, cheese, and milk. The imports of butter have gone up from 1,334,000 to 4,364,000 cwt. The imports of cheese have trebled, and the imports of milk (which has only come from abroad at all within the last fifteen years) now amount to a million cwt. per annum. Even potatoes are imported to the tune of 200,000 tons per annum.

Well, anyway, England is first in beer, and makes not one enough for her consumption, but also for export. True, but she has to get practically all her barley from abroad!

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."**STARVED TO DEATH IN LONDON.**

See you reported the death of the poor woman in Shoreditch which is very sad, but the worst part of it was that the relieving officer who stopped the relief was summoned to the coroner's court, but did not attend or send to explain his conduct. I think this was disgraceful. ONE OF THE JURY.

Hoxton, N.

Volunteers and Foreign Service.

Being an interested and constant reader of the *Daily Mirror* I must say that I agree with Mr. L. Jack concerning the 1st Dorset Artillery.

The medical examination enforced by the War Office on Volunteers is but a farce, and it seems to me a waste of time and money to continue it.

I suppose the War Office means to try to make all the Volunteers like the C.L.V.'s.

PERPLEXED VOLUNTEER,

Eagle House, Snaresbrook.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

I notice that there is to be a temperance crusade in Camberwell by means of placards on the wall.

A few years ago, whilst travelling in Southern Ireland, I came across the following notice:

WHICH?

WIFE OR WHISKEY.

THE BABES OR THE BOTTLE

HOME OR HELL.

The practice is kept up still, and I hear from friends in the neighbourhood that a great deal of good comes from it. J. H. WILKIE.

ONE FALSE STEP.

By HENRY FARMER.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

FRANK CHESTER.—A young man who comes to London after a University career. He is to be given a start in commercial life by the great Vincent Devenish—the chance of a lifetime. His one fatal step is the removal from Devenish's table of some banknotes, which he later on loses, and has no time to replace before Eve Daintree enters the room.

TONY MAYFIELD.—An old schoolfellow of Frank Chester's, heavily in debt. He has been entrusted with the notes by Chester, and promises to return them for him. He mysteriously disappears, and is discovered as last suffering from a loss of memory, by some workmen. He has now been heard of in Liverpool.

QUEENIE MAYFIELD.—Tom's sister. An orphan. She has been brought up as a florist and table decorator, in which she is succeeding. In love with Chester, and beloved by Morduant, who entraps her in a house where she supposes a party is to take place, the course of a scene with him she falls and cuts herself.

DEXTER.—The obsequious, oily cashier in the office of Vincent Devenish. Has Chester in his power, owing to the fact that he has replaced the money which through the former's fault is missing from Devenish's room.

EVE DAINTREE.—The young widowed daughter of Vincent Devenish, and heir to his fortune. Considered as a possible wife for Chester.

HESTER MORNING.—A spinster schoolteacher, by whom Tom Mayfield is employed. Close friends with Dexter.

VINCENT DEVENISH.—Of the Blue Star Line. A commercial and financial magnate.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Please accept my sincerest congratulations, Mr. Chester, and my best wishes for the future happiness both of yourself and the accomplished and beautiful lady whose affections you won.

Mr. Dexter had cut a smooth, firm hand, leaving Chester no other alternative but to take it. They were alone in Vincent Devenish's office.

"It only seems yesterday," continued Mr. Dexter, in his quiet voice, "that I had the pleasure of making your acquaintance in this very office."

His thin lips shone faint admiration and approval, as much as to say: "Since when you have made remarkable progress. You have played your cards well."

"And when, Mr. Chester, is the auspicious event to take place?"

He was talking in the language of a copy-book, and in the obsequious manner that he assumed once the threshold of the Blue Star Line offices was crossed.

"In the autumn, probably," replied Chester; and, wishing to be quit of the man, whose presence always recalled the obligation that was still a haunting obligation, he turned his attention to the pile of correspondence awaiting him.

But when he looked up Dexter was still present. Chester, realising instinctively what was coming, set his traps, then, taking the bull by the horns, he anticipated the man.

"But before the autumn," he said, "I hope to have wiped off my debt to you."

"If convenient to you, Mr. Chester, only if convenient. For your own sake, as well as mine, I should be glad. I know it worries you—but only if convenient. I presume you have not acquainted Mrs. Daintree with the facts of our transaction."

Dexter winced. Dexter had touched him on the raw. This was the one secret he was keeping from Eve, and his obligation to Dexter was the gall, the bitter gall, in his honey.

But he resented the man's insinuating question.

"The question is beside the mark," he answered. But the evasion was as good as a negative.

He was writhing inwardly. Dexter had got home one of his barbed shafts, bringing home to him the falsity of his position; but, too, as well as the fact that confession must involve others, had made a coward of him.

Dexter shrugged his shoulders as if pained by Chester's curt reply, smoothed the black wisp across his bald forehead, and retired to his office without another word. But the door closed, his expression changed. The thin mouth went evil and hungry with a wide smile.

"In the autumn!" he muttered in a thin whisper. "In the autumn! If I can only keep my man in hand till then. That is the only difficulty now. When he is in drink there is no knowing what he will do next."

Chester was pacing the office now, going over the old, monotonous ground again, trying to solve the mystery of the unknown quantity. What was Dexter's game? Was he merely trying to ingratiate himself so as to insure his position in the office? Did it amount to this, and nothing more? Was he merely afraid that Chester, under Eve's influence, would do his best to get rid of him at the earliest opportunity?

If only the man would show his hand definitely Chester felt that he would have a chance of coming to grips with him; but, as it was, there still remained the possibility that he was misjudging the man. Dexter had never uttered a straightforward threat.

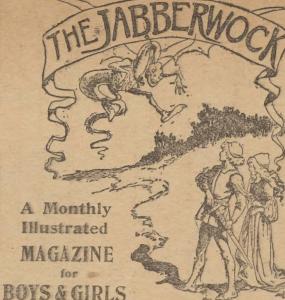
Chester flung himself into a chair, and ploughed through his correspondence. By hook or by crook, if he meant going to the moneylenders, he must be quit of his debt before the autumn. He would have to let it stand at that, but if before that Dexter tried to press pressure of any kind on him, then—

He was on his feet again, pacing the room. To lose Eve's respect would be to lose her love.

He wiped the sweat from his forehead. With Eve love and respect went hand-in-hand. The one was

(continued on page 11.)

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DEVEREUX IN THE DOCK.



Sketched in court at the Old Bailey yesterday. He was worn and haggard, and noted with strained interest every point and detail of the evidence.

RECORD-BREAKERS.



Cissac (on the left) and Rignold, who will attempt to break the flying kilometer and flying mile records to-day at the Blackpool motor cycle races. Both will use 14-h.p. Peugeots.

ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 10.)

impossible without the other. Yet if it meant losing her, he would tell her. But it was a compromise. His court of action would depend on Dexter's conduct. He had just missed taking his destiny in both hands.

He glanced at his watch, and forced his thoughts back to his work. Eve was calling for him at one o'clock. They were lunching out together.

He was eying his watch impatiently when Eve swept into the office. Her beautiful face was radiant. Chester cast a quick glance toward the trap communicating with the cashier's office; but it was bolted.

"I don't think it proper in business hours," she murmured, nevertheless submitting to the man's lover-like greeting.

"Did you tell Miss Mayfield?" asked Eve.

"No—I ought to have written—we are old friends; but there has been no room for thoughts of anything or anyone but you, Eve. Even now I can't believe that it is true. It seems too good, too wonderful, to be true. I am almost afraid to wake up and find that I have been dreaming."

Some sense of proportion had returned to Chester when he was seated beside her in the carriage.

"Is Mr. Devenish any better this morning?" he asked, with concern.

Vivian Devenish's health was as uncertain as the movements of a barometer. A little bit up for a day or two; then down again.

"A shade better," answered Eve gravely. "Have you hinted to him yet as to the advisability of having no further dealings with that loathsome creature, Mordant? I have done my best to shake his confidence in the man. But my father will not admit the possibility of a woman being wiser than him in matters of business."

"No. I have had no opportunity. It is a matter not easily to be approached, Eve. I am the younger man. Your father's relations with Mordant are

of the nature of private speculations. I cannot approach the matter from the office point of view. But the moment I see my opportunity, I shall use it."

"I know you will, Frank. I am too impatient. Why, what is the matter?"

A small crowd, circling round a couple of policemen who were hustling a man along at a brisk pace toward the nearest police station, had suddenly opened out, enabling Chester to obtain a momentary glimpse of the prisoner's face.

It was the man whom he could not "fix," the man he had knocked down on the fringe of Marmion's Green, of whom he had caught a glimpse in the crowd at Lord's. The fellow always seemed to be cropping up, and with his appearance awakening in Chester a feeling akin to irritation at being unable to identify him with anything definite.

"You can't see him now," said Chester; "and you have been spared an unpleasant sight. It was the fellow I ran up against the other evening. He has evidently got himself into further trouble this time with the police."

The carriage was rolling along Piccadilly and past The Fencery.

Eve became silent. Chester experienced a sudden twinge. Pollie Peyton, catching a glimpse of them through the flowers decorating the windows, pursed up her lips and shook her head violently.

TO-MORROW

A New Serial Story begins in the

"EVENING NEWS"

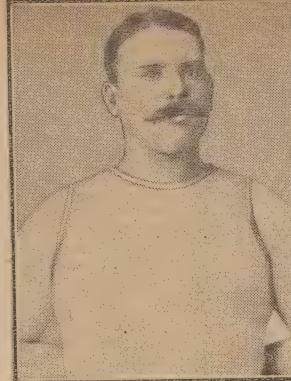
Entitled:

"Love, the Criminal."

"It seems to me that love is the only possible explanation of the extraordinary amount of suffering that there is in the world." (*De Profundis*).

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND,
Author of "Love at a Price."

CHANNEL SWIMMER.



T. Heaton, the Liverpool swimmer, who had to give up his attempt to swim across the Channel after covering ten miles, owing to fog and heavy sea.

HOUSE COLLAPSES AT CANTERBURY.



Without the slightest warning, the front of the house shown in the photograph—taken shortly after the occurrence—fell into the street. Fortunately, no one was hurt by the falling debris.

"Poor little Queenie!" she whispered sadly to herself.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Queenie Mayfield was lying back in a deck chair on the verandah, an unopened book on her lap, her face, pale beneath the tinge the sun had printed on it, turned seawards. On the morrow she was returning to London, to Piccadilly, to The Fencery. She had received a belated letter from Chester, telling her what was already known to her, what she had read in the "Society Gossip" of a morning paper. She had written him in return a letter of congratulation. It is quite easy to write a cheerful letter. There is nothing tell-tale about pen and paper, unless one happens to drop a tear on the sheet, and that leaves no impression if promptly absorbed up with blotting paper. If one wept ink, it would be a more difficult matter.

"Yes, Banks?" she questioned, as the maid appeared at the French windows.

"Mr. Mordant, Miss."

Hesper Mordant had come to Brighton on his motor-car for his answer. The maid's announcement only preceded his entrance by a second. Queenie rose up mechanically and passed into the room.

The man was over-dressed as usual, his mustaches waxed into spikes, and his handkerchief loaded with perfume. The coarse, strong face was flushed.

"Well, Kiddie," he cried, trying to cover a feeling of embarrassment with genial manner. "How are you? I motored down. I couldn't keep away any longer. It's only a question of being a day before my time. I shall stop the night at the Metropole. There's no reason why I shouldn't trot you back to-morrow in the car, eh?"

"Kiddie," he whispered huskily, "you know what I've come for? I've come for my answer."

"You still want to buy me?"

"Don't put it like that," he cried, feeling the sharp sting in the quivered-out words.

(Continued on page 13.)

A FREE GIFT FOR ALL OUR READERS

We have already on many occasions explained the virtues of "Antexema Soap," and the reasons why it should invariably be used by those who value the beauty of their hair and skin. We are glad to find that so many of our readers have taken our advice, and we now have a very pretty, useful, and acceptable present of which we ask their acceptance. Everyone who sends a postal order for sixpence will receive a sixpenny tablet of "Antexema Soap," but it will be enclosed in a handsome tortoise-shell box decorated with gold, which will be exceedingly useful as a case for your tablet of "Antexema Soap" when you are travelling, and we advise that early application be made for this charming little gift, further particulars in regard to which are given at foot.

WHEN YOU ARE TRAVELLING.

If you are going away on holiday it is a good thing to carry your own soap with you, because there is so much inferior soap about, and its use will be injurious to your skin.



It may look very nice, be gorgeously scented, and have a high-sounding name, but for all that it may be bad soap, which will work mischief to the skin. When you use "Antexema Soap" you know you are using a scientifically-prepared, high-grade soap, and one suitable for the toilet, bath, or nursery, for washing the skin, or shampooing the hair.

WHAT SOAP SHOULD DO.

A perfect soap is one that not only removes impurities from the skin, but also keeps the pores open and clear, so that the skin fulfils its duties properly. If the pores are kept clear and open they will allow the perspiration and natural oil to pass out through them, and the work of the skin as a breathing organ will then be thoroughly performed, and the skin will always look fresh and clear as Nature intended it should. That is what soap should assist in doing, and that is exactly what "Antexema Soap" does. It is a genuine luxury to wash with "Antexema Soap."

THE FRAGRANT FOREST.

Everyone knows how delicious, refreshing, and healthful is the smell of the pines. If you visit Bournemouth you will be taken to see the Invalids' Walk as one of its principal features, and it is because of the fragrance and healing virtues of the pine-trees that people in innumerable cases are recommended to Bournemouth and other similar health resorts. "Antexema Soap" gives you the delicious and healing scent of the pines, and you could not possibly have a more delightful soap either for the bath, toilet, nursery, or a shampoo. It is a real delight to wash either the face, hands, head, or body with "Antexema Soap," as it purifies the skin, makes the flesh firm and glowing, and renders the hair soft, silky, and glossy.

A BATH THAT REFRESHES.

However refreshing a bath is when ordinary soap is used, its enjoyment is enormously increased if you use "Antexema Soap." It opens the pores of the skin, liberates their activities, but it works no chemical change in those delicate



juices that go to make up the charm and bloom of the perfect complexion. We are not exaggerating when we say that the use of "Antexema Soap" will save doctors' bills, because the proper care of the skin promotes healthy circulation, and helps every function of the body, from the action of the muscles to the digestion of the food. Purity, sweetness, refreshing and delightful cleanliness, and the glow of health are the sensations produced by the use of "Antexema Soap," which is as pure as the pines.

WHY YOU SHOULD USE "ANTEXEMA SOAP."

Because it makes the skin clear, white, and healthy, and prevents pimples, blackheads, and red, rough, oily skin, it should always be used, and it is also the best preventative and healthiest cleanser, emollient and antiseptic, non-poisonous and safe. When any infectious disease prevails its antiseptic properties are of the greatest value, and it should be used to avoid risk of infection. There is no soap equal to "Antexema Soap" for shampooing the hair. It cleanses the scalp, removes dandruff, promotes the health and growth of the hair, and counteracts any tendency to baldness.

Always use "Antexema Soap," which is supplied by all Chemists and Drug Stores at 6d. per tablet, or in boxes containing three tablets for 1s. 6d. The 6d. tablet, enclosed in the tortoise-shell box decorated with gold, will be sent to any address in the U.K. in return for a sixpenny postal order, if the "Daily Mirror" is mentioned and you write to "Antexema," 83, Castle-road, London, N.W.

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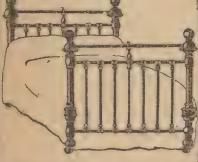
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If not suitable, we arrange
them for your convenience.

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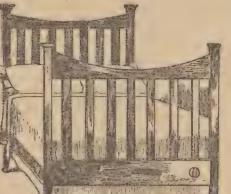


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TRAVELLING TOILETTES FOR THE SUMMER HOLIDAY—HINTS FOR PACKERS.

THE GLOBE-TROTTING SEASON.

HOW TO PACK THE TRUNKS.

The London season nominally closes to-day. There are some weddings to come, but virtually everyone is leaving town who can manage to do so. Trunks must now be packed for the summer holiday, and unless great care is taken filmy frocks and artistic hats will be entirely ruined. Yet there is no reason why they should not look as perfectly fresh when they come out of the box as when they were put in it. A little intelligence and plenty of tissue paper will effect this desirable state of affairs.

Firmness is absolutely necessary to preserve dresses in good condition, yet they must not be packed so tightly as to be crushed. Trays admirably solve this problem; for on two or three of them the flimsiest frocks may be laid smoothly and well protected. As trunks with such trays are somewhat costly, and are often too large for the ordinary person, a substitute should be employed. Wide linen tape will serve the purpose well, and once put in will last during the lifetime of the trunk.

These straps should be fastened to the front inside, and three directly opposite on the back.

There should be two at each end on a line with the side pieces. The first row of these should be about ten inches from the bottom, and the other rows about six inches above each other. These tapes, if directly opposite on a line, may be brought over to tie, forming a network that will make a support, and do much towards keeping the contents of the trunk in place. The bands should be fastened with fine tacks.

All gowns, whatsoever the material, will pack better if wrapped up. Towels are excellent for the purpose, but even better are special pieces of muslin to be kept in the box when not in use. These should be as wide as the box is long, and long enough to go over the gown when folded. They must be pinned on neatly.

Before putting the dress into its wrapper it should be laid down on a bed or some other large flat surface, and the skirt should be folded just the width of the trunk. Lay the top over, so making the garment the length of the trunk, but before the fold is made, a thick soft twist of tissue paper must be put on the line of the fold, and between it, so that when the skirt is packed it will not crease in that place. The skirt thus folded should be put on its wrapper, the cloth should be folded over, and firmly pinned, and the garment, then just the size of the trunk, is ready to be packed.

Blouses and bodices take more time to arrange, for if they have loops or elaborate fluffy trimming,

all the tissue paper that can be tucked in should be used to prevent them flattening. Bows should be separated with paper twisted and padded in. Wide lace flounces should be raised to have a wad of paper put underneath, so that when taken from the trunk they will not be crushed. The sleeves should have whole sheets of paper wrinkled and then stuffed in, and the bodice part should be partially filled with the same soft paper. A blouse or bodice thus stuffed will not be absolutely flattened, no matter how great a weight it sustains, and so will be quite fresh when unpacked.

It is better to begin to pack by putting large objects, such as coats and heavy gowns, at the bottom, filling vacant corners and holes with small things, such as underwear, buttons, snippets and stockings. When an even surface is built, begin again with another large piece, and again make the surface even. When the time comes to put the thin frocks in, the first layer of tapes is tied across, and on this the gown rests. The next layer is then knotted and another gown goes in. These strings should be tied as firmly as they can be pulled in order to make a real support for the frocks, and in the corners about them small things or soft lingerie may be tucked away.



For economical reasons brown holland is an excellent fabric to choose for the travelling coat, but the model shown above might be built of Shantung silk, if preferred, or of fine alpaca. Some people scoff at alpaca, but it is a true friend to the traveller as a dust resister and because of its coolness. The dress depicted on the right of the sketch would look charming developed in marine blue or chocolate brown alpaca.



ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 11.)

"How else can I put it? You know I don't love you, don't even respect you. Look at it from the lowest point of view—what are you likely to get in return for your money?"

"Look here, I'll wait till to-morrow. To-day we'll just be friends. There, I'm not quite the brute you take me for! I give you my word, if you'll treat me like a friend, I won't mention the subject again to-day."

She would try.

As she donned her hat in front of a mirror she laughed shrilly at her own reflection—it was a laugh with a huge heartache in it. She seemed becoming someone else; to be drifting away from her moorings, losing her self-respect. She was sinking to the level of the adventures in the novellette who wheedles and cozened money out of men!

But what did it matter, after all? Her life was her own, and she could do as she liked with it. It was a dangerous, desperate kind of mood.

"That's better," he said, "That's some sort of acknowledgment."

He was again displaying the old vacillation, at one moment trying to compel her to accept his terms by sheer brute strength, at the next trying to win from her some expression of good feeling towards himself. Her very resistance was deepening his growing admiration for her.

"If I fetch round the car, will you come for a ride with me—just a friendly ride, that's all I ask."

"Yes."

A respite had been granted her, if only for a few hours. A fresh, faint hope had been kindled in her heart. There was some good somewhere in this man. She felt that she was beginning to

"Fannie Eden's Penny Stories."

NO. I. TO-MORROW.
ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

"Fannie Eden's Penny Stories."

The car was throbbing and buzzing below. "I don't know when I shall be back, Banks," she cried, and hurried down the stairs.

Mordaunt assisted her into the car. He had dispensed with the services of his chauffeur.

His coarse face flushed with pleasure. There was a smile on the girl's lips; colour on her cheeks. He was too dull to diagnose the hollowness of the smile or realise that the colour on the pretty face was the hectic of shame.

"Mr. Mordaunt," she said, with a laugh, "the terms are strictly—friendship."

"That's so, Kiddie."

His pulses glowed with a vague feeling of satisfaction. It was the first time the girl had addressed him in a friendly fashion. She had smiled at him. He snarled his gross, bulging shoulders rather proudly.

"It's quite delightful," she said presently, as the fierce rush of air beat against her cheeks. "You see, Mr. Mordaunt, now that the terms are on the basis of friendship, I can enjoy myself. You need another and a better man altogether. You don't frighten me."

Mordaunt stared at her blankly, and all but ran the car up a bank.

"Do you think so, Kiddie?" he said rather dazedly. "Do you think so? Better man, eh?"

"I am sure of it," answered Queenie.

(To be continued.)

Insuring Against Loss of Hair.

MR. GEO. R. SIMS' TATCHO POLICY.

Many business men and women say that they attribute the fact that they are able to keep their berths to their being able to keep their hair in a youthful condition. Unconsciously many men and women for the want of this simple precaution have found the first nail driven into the coffin of their business careers. Every year the cry

"Too Old at Forty"

becomes more acute. When Professor Oster, who has just arrived from America to take the chair as Professor of Medicine at Oxford, said that men should be chloroformed at forty, he was not taken seriously. From the point of view of being able to make a living, how true it would have been if Professor Oster had put it that we might as well be

Chloroformed at Forty,

because the man is bald or showing a tendency that way, or the woman grey and sparse of hair. Now there is a remedy for all this if people will but apply for it. That remedy is Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho."

Those engaged in commercial pursuits where youthful appearance is a sine qua non (and in what business is it not?) cannot do better than take the cue from the Army and Navy. Officers high in authority say that greyness and baldness are, thanks to "Tatcho," now practically unknown both in officers and rank and file. By using "Tatcho" you are positively

Insuring Against Loss of Hair,

greyness, or actual baldness. A touch of "Tatcho" occasionally is all that is required. "Tatcho" is not a remedy for the rich only. The institution of the system by which the public are able to obtain, carriage paid, a

4/6 Trial Bottle of "Tatcho" for 1/10

has brought "Tatcho" to a level with other necessities of life. The system was instituted and is being continued solely to educate the people to the value of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's discovery. Each user being a living testimony to the powers of "Tatcho," a hundred thousand users are of infinitely greater service in securing an enduring reputation than a hundred thousand pounds spent in the orthodox methods of Press publicity. In "Tatcho" you have the specific which is in use in the Army and Navy hospitals and convalescent homes, and is being prescribed by doctors themselves to hundreds of patients and non-patients. Humanly speaking, success in overcoming baldness, falling hair, and grey hair is assured by the use of "Tatcho."

CUT OUT THIS COUPON,

and send with P.O. or stamps for 1/10 to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London. By return you will receive a full size 4/6 trial bottle of "TATCHO," Carr. Paid. "D. M."

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